

Zion's Herald.

VOLUME LX.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1883.

NUMBER 23.

Zion's Herald.

PUBLISHED BY THE
Boston Wesleyan Association,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, Editor.
ALONZO S. WEED, Publisher.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their localities.
Price to all ministers, \$1.50 per year. All other subscribers, \$2.50 per year.

Specimen Copies Free.

"THE TIME IS SHORT."

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

Only a few more years of life!
Shall I waste them in idle dream,
Gather sweet flowers with a careless hand,
To cast on a widening stream?

Only a few more years for love!
Shall I spend them in war and strife,
Struggle on with weary, rebellious feet
Past the few last milestones of life?

Only a few more years for God!
Shall I seek after greed and gain?
Pile up earth's straws on a bank of sand,
Dashed o'er by a ruthless main?

Only a few years left for man!
Shall I lie on a couch of ease,
Shut out from sight his sorrow and tears,
Make self the idol to please?

Only a few more years—oh, no!
Let me gather with tears and pain
The scattered hours of a wasted life,
The fragments that yet remain.

REMINISCENCES OF PREACHERS, PULPITS, AND PREACHING.

BY REYNARD.

II.

IN LABORS ABUNDANT.

To a lazy man the ministry of the early Wesleyan societies had no attractions; it was an impossibility. It involved preaching sometimes at five in the morning, often at seven, always twice on the Sabbath (occasionally three times), and several times during the week. This, with the band meetings, the renewal of class tickets, leaders' meetings, society meetings, district meetings, quarterly meetings, meetings for arranging the work of prayer leaders, exhorters, local preachers; the visiting of other appointments as part of a missionary deputation, or to preach Sunday-school or chapel anniversary sermons; addresses at tea meetings; regulating the work of the "Poor and Stranger Friend" societies; visiting the sick and burying the dead; baptismal and communion services; filling out statistical sheets for district meetings and Conferences; the oversight of all local and connectional collections; taking and remitting all dues for magazines and hymn-books—all this, when remembrance in any one particular was instantly detected and soon proved fatal to all high standing with the brethren, can hardly be regarded as the elements of a paradise for an idle man. We venture to say that busier men than faithful Wesleyan preachers are not to be found anywhere. In the above enumeration we have not by any means exhausted either their obligations or their actual work. We have said nothing of private studies, and many a preacher has been distinguished in general literature. We have said nothing of public duties, such as are involved in an election to the school board, lecturing for feeble churches and to mechanics' institutes. But all this leaves but little time for gossip, cabals, agitations of any kind. Methodist preachers are all at work, and always at work.

GRAND CENTRAL DOGMA.

If you ask any well-instructed member of the Wesleyan body as to what constitutes the great cardinal truths taught by the ministers of his church, he will tell you that they are, "justification by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, a penny a week, and a shilling a quarter." Luther's great utterance being the main-spring of the church's spiritual life, just as the regular, though small, weekly and quarterly collections are the perennial fountains on which it depends for uninterrupted temporal supplies. When the preacher meets the class for the renewal of tickets, he calls every name. When the banker answers to his, he puts his golden guinea on the table; the shop-

keeper his silver crown; the poor their modest shilling; and all answer, "Our penny a week is fully paid."

Before we dismiss this line of remark, the reader will please permit a word or two on some

MINOR CHARACTERISTICS.

That the early preachers were great smokers, and sometimes the most stubborn if not obstinate of men, is only saying that they were Englishmen. They had to present a rock-like front to the assaults of a corrupt and corrupting established church. It is no occasion of wonder, therefore, that we find them solacing themselves in their hours of relaxation with the truth and—a pipe of tobacco.

As a class the early preachers were conservatives, or Tories. They seldom identified themselves with any of the great social or moral reforms. They were always anti-slavery to the back-bone, but it is only of late that they have taken any influential part in temperance matters and social movements. They have a lingering love for the old Anglican Church, and will be the last to urge her disestablishment.

Their preaching was usually more hortatory than doctrinal or expository. For the first half of the nineteenth century no man ever heard an essay of any kind from a Wesleyan pulpit. A great deal of their preaching was memorative rather than extemporary. One preacher, and one only, has the writer ever seen using a note in the desk.

HOW EARLY PREACHERS WERE MADE, is perhaps best illustrated by the experience of the writer. He was converted when but a very small boy. He attracted the attention of the preacher at the quarterly renewal of tickets. The preacher told him that God had a work for him to do. What he meant by this was, at least in part, explained when the boy received a note late one Saturday night in which the preacher told him to go for four successive Sabbaths, each Sabbath with a different local preacher, who were instructed to give the boy their appointment and report on his preaching to the superintendent of the circuit. The result was, his name soon appeared on "the plan" as a local preacher on trial. So long as he stood in this relation he preached in some village pulpit five miles away, in the morning, walking every step of the way; in the afternoon, in some pulpit two miles further off; and at night in the pulpit he had occupied in the morning. Fourteen miles of walking, and three sermons! The next step was being placed on the president's list of reserve to be appointed to any circuit where a vacancy might occur. The establishment of theological schools, however, has changed all this. The great question is, which of these two systems has given the church its best men? Is the education of a circuit, with its saddle-bags, its intimate contact with the people, and the brotherly supervision of a senior preacher, or that of the schools with their worldly wisdom and their superficial training, the best for our candidates for the ministry?

To some these are no longer open questions, but there are a few to whom they are very open questions indeed. If these papers are continued, it is the purpose of the writer to make the reader acquainted with a few of the fathers—in fact, that was the very purpose he had in view when commencing them. It certainly can do no harm; it may be to some a great blessing to spend a few minutes with some of the now almost forgotten

CONTEMPORARIES OF WESLEY, and especially with a few who were his companions, and who received their appointments at his hands. The writer begs to premise that those of whom he intends to make a note are men whom he has often heard preach, and with whom he enjoyed personal intercourse. In this, to be sure, "Reynard" is running something of a risk unless he is willing to be numbered among the men to whom gray hairs give wisdom. He has no gray hairs. It is his wisdom that leads so many to suppose him to be older than he really is! "Reynard" was born at a happy juncture. Just

as Napoleon entered Hades, or a clime more torrid than Hades is supposed to be, "Reynard" and Bishop Foster and Haven were born. "Reynard" was one of the most precocious of his race. He very early cultivated habits of close observation, and multitudes of things that others failed to see he noted and made a record of. Hence what may follow.

THE MONK OF JARROW.

BY REV. W. H. MEREDITH.

Thousands of Americans yearly visit the ancient city of Durham, England, to admire its cathedral and castle; but few take a trip to Jarrow, which is only thirteen miles north-east of that picturesque old city.

Jarrow is now a part of Sunderland, which, next to Newcastle-on-Tyne, its near neighbor, is the largest coal-shipping port in the world. It includes Bishopwearmouth, Monkwearmouth and Jarrow. Surely this is classic ground. Here in Jarrow lived and wrote and died that godly man, the greatest scholar of his times—"the venerable Bede," the monk of Jarrow. Born, probably, in the adjoining parish of Monkton, in A. D. 672, before he was ten years of age he came to Jarrow as a pupil. For more than fifty years he here studied, taught and wrote. He also was as "a light shining in a dark place."

We recently stood before the old St. Peter's Church of Jarrow. It is surrounded by a spacious burying-ground filled with tombstones literally black with age and crumbling into dust. It is built on the site of the old monastery where Bede lived. The present church tower is said to have belonged to the old structure; if so, it is more than eleven hundred years old. At this spot we find the head-spring of English literature, or at least of English prose and of the English Scriptures. Nearly all of the very few writings of the island before Bede's day were ancient British. They hailed from the present Wales and Cornwall, where the Britons had been driven. For about a quarter of a century before Bede's day, Northumbria had been moving in the direction of letters, and was soon to become the centre of learning to western Europe, with Bede as its representative. Of the eight prominent writers who flourished from A. D. 650 to the tenth century, he excelled them all. While southern Britain was rent with strife and battle, the north was preparing the way for the apothegm, "The pen is mightier than the sword."

At the beginning of the seventh century Benedict Biscop of Northumbria brought, on his return from visits to Rome, many books, which were deposited in the great abbey he had built at the mouth of the Wear. Here sprung up a school of biography, and from it went out Ceolfrid to plant an offshoot of the abbey over at Jarrow, near by. To this branch-monastery at Jarrow, about the year A. D. 683, came the boy Bede as a pupil. During his boyhood here a great plague swept the region, and every singing monk of their company died. Only the abbot and his boy scholar Bede remained to sing. They sang duets among the sobbing worshippers, omitting the antiphones of the service until others were sufficiently taught to help them in the daily chants.

Here Bede became, while still young, a teacher. He gathered around him six hundred monk scholars, besides many other pupils. In this place he collected the current facts of science and art. His curriculum included "science, music, rhetoric, medicine, arithmetic, astronomy and physics." These studies he lovingly pursued, and, putting them into books, they were scattered over all literary Europe. Forty-five volumes attest his industry. His "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation" was the first really English history; it is still an invaluable work. Its period is from A. D. 597 to A. D. 731. He wrote all his works in Latin, with the notable exception of his very last work—the translation of St. John's Gospel—which is in old English. This was the first specimen of English prose. Thus God's Word—the

Fourth Gospel, which is called "the heart of Christ"—became the first piece of true English prose, and was the last work of that godly monk and greatest scholar of his times, now known as "the venerable Bede." Burke called him "the father of English learning."

The story of his life's close is thrillingly interesting. In extreme old age he set about the work of giving the Scriptures to "his boys," in the tongue of the people. He worked with great energy on St. John's Gospel to the words, "But what are they among so many?"

(John 6: 9), when asthma drove him to his bed, and he could write no more. Afterwards he wrote by the hand of his pupils until the last chapter was reached. Then his scribe said, "There is still a chapter wanting, and it is hard for thee to question thyself longer." Bede replied, "It is easily done; take thy pen and write quickly." The day was fast closing upon the dying translator and his youthful scribe, when the boy said, "There is yet one sentence unwritten, dear master." "Write it quickly," uttered the godly monk. "It is finished now," said the amanuensis. The dying scholar and saint replied, "Good! Thou hast spoken the truth. It is finished!" Then they laid him upon the pavement of the cloister, where, with head pillowed upon the arms of his loving pupils, with eyes just glazing in death, and with failing voice, he chanted, "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." Thus singing his favorite song of earth, he gently glided into the "new song before the throne," blending his sweet voice with those of "the hundred and forty and two thousand, which were redeemed from the earth."

His body was interred in the monastery of Jarrow, where it remained until the eleventh century, when Durham Cathedral being completed, his bones were removed and placed in the "Ladye Chapel" of that marvelous structure. On the black marble slab which covers his tomb is the inscription: "Hac sunt in fossa venerabilis Bede ossa." While looking upon his tomb, the old verger told us a legend of this inscription, which says: The old monk who cut the letters was sorely troubled for a fitting word. A whole day passed, and it came not. He lay down beside his task and fell into a troubled sleep. When he awoke an angel had descended and cut the word with the mark over it just as it stands to this day.

Thus lived, labored, died and was buried the man who has been justly called, "the first among English scholars, first among English theologians, first among English historians." May we not truthfully add, one of the first among all God's saints who have lived upon the earth—"the venerable Bede," the monk of Jarrow?

CUBA AND THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT.

BY PEDRO GILLOT Y FERNANDEZ.

MR. EDITOR: The following article was written by a student in Maine Wesleyan Seminary. He is a Spaniard from Cuba, eighteen years old, is now ready for college, and as a scholar has no superior here. He came here last fall from Wilbraham, a Roman Catholic, has become a Protestant, been cast off by his uncle who has heretofore paid his bills, and works as he finds opportunity, to pay his way. He will accept no aid, but would like a situation where he can earn money to go to Middletown. He is a fine teacher of the Spanish language, and could teach Latin, Greek or mathematics. We trust this article will direct attention to his author, and perhaps help him to a situation. He has taught very acceptably a large class in Spanish here this term.

E. M. SMITH.
Pres. Me. Wesleyan Seminary and Female College. Kent's Hill, Me.

Nestled on the bosom of the Caribbean Sea, midway between the continents of North and South America, lies the rich, fertile and beautiful island of Cuba.

Endowed by nature with her richest gifts, she seems to the delighted eye of the traveler as he steps for the first time upon her shores, a beautiful garden, an enchanted land; and at he looks at the azure heavens, as he beholds the luxuriant vegetation, and penetrates into the majestic forests resounding with the song of myriads of birds, and fragrant with the perfume of innumerable plants, and flowers, he is filled with admiration and cannot but exclaim with Columbus, "I know not where first to go, nor are my eyes weary of

gazing on the beautiful verdure. The singing of the birds is such that it seems as if one would never desire to part from hence. There are flocks of parrots that obscure the sun, and other birds of many kinds, large and small; and trees, also, of a thousand species, each having its peculiar fruit, and all of marvelous flavor." Cuba is indeed a beautiful land, and although she is enveloped in a cloud of sadness and sorrow, and groaning under the yoke of a foreign and despotic government, she is to-day the "Queen of the Antilles."

In 1492, there dwelt in this lovely land a race of men remarkable for their simplicity and guilelessness. Peace and contentment reigned among them, and, masters of the land, they used to roam about undisturbed and happy.

In the midst of all this peace and joy the destroyer came. The unsuspecting Cuban received him as a royal guest; he believed him a god, and delighted in doing him honor. But, alas! when too late he found out his mistake; when too late he became aware of Spanish ingratitude. He cherished the adder in his bosom, and it stung him. The god turned into a fiend; the civil laws and simple religious rites of the Cubans were trampled upon and disregarded. The people who before had known nothing but tranquility, love, and peace, were degraded to the condition of slaves, and made beasts of burden, as it were, to Spanish adventurers. From that day the Cubans as a people were no more; from that day, too, a cry of woe and supplication has been ascending to heaven, and, thank God! our cry has been heard; our wrongs have been avenged, and everything seems to proclaim that the day is not far distant when we shall be able to throw off the yoke that is oppressing us. As has been beautifully expressed: "The seer of inspiration seems to speak from the dim past and say, 'Wake, Isles of the South, your redemption is nigh; and even the hoarse voice of the hurricane appears to tell of a mighty power of deliverance which proclaims the dawning of a day when 'the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.'"

The history of Cuba is the history of an oppressed land; it is the history of an unfortunate people. When we consider what the Cubans might have been; when we picture to ourselves the happiness and felicity that might have existed in the island under a mild and judicious rule, we cannot but be filled with indignation against a government whose only aim has been to enrich itself and further its own interests, regardless of the prosperity or happiness of its subjects. Spain, once one of the most powerful nations of the world, occupies to-day an inferior position. Avarice, cupidity and bigotry have dragged her down. One by one her colonies have severed their connection with her. Mexico, the land of the Aztecs, that country so fraught with romance, revolted in 1824; the South American provinces threw off her yoke soon after; and now Cuba alone remains. But it is evident that she cannot hold her long.

The misfortunes of Spain are sad, but richly deserved. We can see in them the hand of Providence, and it would be well for other nations, warned by her fate, to refrain from tyranny and oppression. No nation can indulge in wrong-doing for a long time and live. Of this we have abundant proofs in history. Rome and Athens were powerful empires; and, so long as truth and justice were cherished in their midst, they flourished and their fame spread throughout the world; but as soon as these virtues were set aside, the fall came, and these mighty kingdoms were swept away. Very similar has been the fate of Spain. As Edward Everett has said: "The horrid atrocities practiced at home and abroad, not only in the Netherlands, but in every city of the northern country, cried to Heaven for vengeance upon Spain; nor could she escape it. She entrenched herself behind the eternal Cordilleras; she took to herself the wings of the morning, and dwelt in the uttermost parts of the sea; but even there the arm of retribution laid hold of her, and the wrongs of both

hemispheres were avenged by her degeneracy and fall." In vain has she attempted to recover and regain her old supremacy; in vain has she looked for help among other nations. She is distrusted by every one, and especially by the Cubans, whose beautiful island has suffered so much at her hands.

Nothing but military despotism could maintain the connection of such an island with a country three thousand miles away; and, accordingly, we find the Captain General of Cuba invested with unlimited power. His rule is absolute. He has the power of life and death in his hands, and from his decision there is no appeal.

For a long time Cuba was permitted no voice in the Cortez. Freedom of speech and of the press were prohibited under penalty of death. The natives of the island were excluded from all offices of public trust. Letters passing through the post were opened and their contents ascertained before delivery. Insult upon insult was heaped upon the Cubans, who silently and patiently endured all these things, waiting only for a favorable moment to strike the blow which would forever sever their connection with Spain. The moment at last came. The Cubans flew to arms. The cry of liberty and freedom was raised over the land, and Spain trembled. For ten long years the struggle lasted, and although the independence of the island was not secured, yet its condition to-day is infinitely better than it was before the war. Let the Cubans strike one more blow, and their island, the beautiful Cuba, will be free. Let them persevere, for—

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft it is always won."

THE WORK OF McALL.

BY REV. W. F. MALLARIKU, D. D.

The official title of this work will hereafter be, the "Evangelical Mission of France." A recent Report informs us that the society has been regularly organized and is composed of eight members, four of whom are Frenchmen; viz., Mr. Rouilly, Rev. Saillens, Louis Sautter and Saillens. Mr. McAll remains the president.

With this society, which bears the financial responsibility and directs the business of the mission, are affiliated the auxiliary committees which exist at Paris, at London, and in various cities in England, Scotland and the United States. A reserve fund of 125,000 francs will be secured to meet any deficiency that may arise. Mr. Saillens has until the present time been exclusively occupied with the popular meetings which he has established at Marseilles, Nice, Cannes and at Corsica. The union of his work with that of Mr. McAll has been an accomplished fact since the commencement of the present year. It is understood, from the Report, that hereafter the combined mission will have two centres, Paris and Marseilles, while the whole work will have one management. Mr. Saillens will continue to be director of the section of Marseilles, but in view of the urgent necessity of filling the place of Mr. Dodds, recently deceased, and the very special importance of Paris, from which the work may develop so that all France may be evangelized, he has engaged to establish himself at Paris in the approaching autumn. From this union, the mission of which Mr. McAll has been the venerated president attains a larger distinction.

The expense of the mission for 1882 was 228,000 francs; adding that of Mr. Saillens at Marseilles, and the total exceeds 300,000 francs. The number of places for religious services established by Mr. McAll is 66; by Mr. Saillens, 14; making a total of 80 in all France. Henceforth this society will have a more extended field of operation than any of the other similar societies in France, and yet it is only twelve years since operations were commenced.

When we think that the work of Mr. McAll has only been in existence a dozen years, we can but admire its aggressive character, for it has spread in all directions and has reached the remotest parts of the

DIFFICULTIES.

BY REV. DR. DEEMS.

Have you not noticed occasionally in society a man who seemed high-principled and magnanimous and bland and sweet-mannered, who nevertheless had difficulties wherever he went, although he was manifestly willing to sacrifice anything but duty to avoid difficulty?

Sometimes you must have noticed also this other marvel: difficulties springing up between two good men. There is a controversy. Each man's friends believe him to be the soul of honor. Both have thousands of acquaintances who believe them to be good Christians; and yet they have a difficulty. It is a misunderstanding. You are misunderstood by him and others. Oh, I do think it is one of the hardest things in life to be misunderstood by a good man, when I know my motives to be so good, while my position is such that I cannot make that good man understand it all.

And then, there are business difficulties, perplexities in buying and selling and getting paid. The clash of interests is so hard, the competition is so keen! You cannot look after your neighbor's interests and your own. You must care for the latter. Without doing him a particle of wrong, you gain and he loses, or he gains and you lose. Do you not know how hard it is to lose and not suspect the gainer of cheating? And who that fails has any sympathy? And if you want to make a man hate you, induce for him to the amount of thousands, and let him fail, and do you pay it; by-and-by you may forgive him, but he will never forgive you. Is not all this wearisome? Is not business a heavy load?

But heavier is the load of domestic perplexities. That presses so on a man's brain and heart. Misunderstandings among the children, the suspension of perfect accord between man and wife, disagreements between parents and children—I can imagine nothing more burdensome than to hear these through long months and years.

Even where love reigns unbroken we have domestic perplexities in deciding what is right and best for each member of the family. How many a poor man is all the more perplexed because of his love for all his family! How many a widow is heavy-laden with cares for her fatherless!

How are we in these cases to have rest? They cannot be avoided. They must somehow be transmuted into blessings.

Jesus knows it all. He knows our honor, our right-mindedness, our trials and difficulties and perplexities. He says, "Come unto Me with your misunderstandings, your business difficulties, your domestic perplexities, and find rest for your souls. Learn of Me. Do all for Me. Put My yoke on, and then you will be able to draw your load." It is the lack of Christ's help which makes life so hard on us. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths." Let us simply go just as far as He wants us to go, and do just as much as He desires, and we shall find rest; for at the end we can cast all our burdens on the Lord.

N. E. EDUCATION SOCIETY.

To the Methodist Episcopal Ministers of New England.

DEAR BROTHERS: Please examine carefully the relation of the New England Education Society to the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which is discussed in the annual report of the New England Education Society for 1883.

It is the design of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, that annually, in every Sunday-school of the church, or in some public gathering held by the Sunday-school, a collection shall be taken for the Children's Fund of the Board of Education, the interest of which shall be used to aid meritorious Methodist Sunday-school scholars "in obtaining a more advanced education," and that a collection shall be taken annually in some public gathering of every Methodist Episcopal Church to aid indigent and worthy young men while at their preparatory studies for the work of the Methodist Episcopal ministry, the latter collection in New England to be paid into the treasury of the New England Education Society.

The educational collections are generally taken in June, in connection with Children's Day. Some pastors take a collection for each cause that day, others divide one collection between them. Don't fail to send a collection to the treasury of the New England Education Society this year! We need every cent that the churches can give, to aid most needy and worthy New England young men, who intend to make New England the field of their life-work.

Brethren, in your broad-heartedness for others, don't forget the needs of New England Methodism! Let the New England Education Society have a collection this year from every charge in New England.

N. T. WHITAKER, Sec. of N. E. E. So.

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The Sunday School.

SECOND QUARTER. LESSON XII.

Sunday, June 17. Acts 14: 19-28.

END OF FIRST MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D. M.

I. Prefatory.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "Gave, therefore, and baptized them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit." (Matt. 28: 19).

2. Text: Acts 14: 19-28.

3. PLACES: Asia Minor, and Antioch in Syria.

II. Introductory.

disappointed at the repulse of their proffered honors and the expected festivities, and perhaps chagrined at the mistake which they had made in imagining their visitors to be gods in human form, the Lystraans were quite ready to lend an ear to some Jewish bigots from Antioch and Iconium who had tracked Paul and Barnabas to their present field with a malignant purpose. Accepting their representations that the apostles were veritable Jews, whose extraordinary powers could easily be explained on the supposition of magic, the easy step from blind worship to rabid persecution was quickly taken. Paul was stoned in the streets of Lystra, and being supposed to be dead, was dragged through the city gate and cast outside, "perhaps," says Farrar, "in front of the very Temple of Jupiter to which they had been about to conduct him as an incarnation of their patron deity." The disciples had been won by his preaching gathered sorrowfully around the bruised and bleeding form of their prostrate teacher. But while they mourned, to their great joy he revived, rose to his feet and returned with them to the city, whence, with Barnabas, he departed the next day to the rural hamlet of Derbe. In this retired village no opposition was encountered and many disciples were gained to the faith.

Derbe marked the extreme limit of Paul's first journey. From this point he passed through his customary course, night through the "Cilician Gates," and proceeded to the Syrian capital, whence he started, but his solicitude for the converts whom he had gained, led him to retrace his steps. Risking all perils, he proceeded backward on his path, Lystra, Iconium and Antioch, "confirming the souls of the disciples," bidding them "continue in the faith" and warning them and forewarning them of the inevitable tribulations which lay before them in their heavenly journey. Before committing them, in their farewell wishes, to the care of God, they provided for their guidance and government by appointing elders. Having passed through Pisidia and Pamphylia, in their report they furnished conclusive testimony that God had "opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles."

III. Expository.

1. Paul Stoned at Lystra (19-21).

2. There came thither—i.e., to Lystra. Certain Jews—i.e., from Antioch and Iconium. With two exceptions—i.e., Paul and Barnabas. Says Schaff: "The stoning of Paul was the first persecution of a Christian in the Roman Empire."

3. The Lystraans were quite ready to lend an ear to some Jewish bigots from Antioch and Iconium who had tracked Paul and Barnabas to their present field with a malignant purpose. Accepting their representations that the apostles were veritable Jews, whose extraordinary powers could easily be explained on the supposition of magic, the easy step from blind worship to rabid persecution was quickly taken. Paul was stoned in the streets of Lystra, and being supposed to be dead, was dragged through the city gate and cast outside, "perhaps," says Farrar, "in front of the very Temple of Jupiter to which they had been about to conduct him as an incarnation of their patron deity." The disciples had been won by his preaching gathered sorrowfully around the bruised and bleeding form of their prostrate teacher. But while they mourned, to their great joy he revived, rose to his feet and returned with them to the city, whence, with Barnabas, he departed the next day to the rural hamlet of Derbe. In this retired village no opposition was encountered and many disciples were gained to the faith.

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IV. Inferential and Suggestive.

1. Nothing is more fickle than popularity. The "honor that cometh from God" is the only kind that lasts.

2. Men will often travel far to accomplish an evil purpose.

3. "Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again."

4. It cost great suffering and trial to establish and perpetuate the religion which we enjoy so freely to-day. The church has been "an anvil that has used up many hammers."

5. It is not enough to make disciples; they need to be confirmed, and built up in the most holy faith.

6. They that aspire to heavenly crowns must glory in earthly crosses.

7. When we can no longer aid others personally, we can confidently commend them to God.

8. It is a good thing to rehearse, to the praise of God, what He has accomplished through us.

9. It is a good thing to rehearse, to the praise of God, what He has accomplished through us.

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V. Illustrative.

1. PAUL AND TIMOTHY.

2. Was it in the house of Eunice and Lois that he found the sweet repose and tender ministrations which he would need more than ever after an experience so frightful? If Lystra was thus the scene of one of his intensest sufferings, and one which, lightly as it is dwelt upon, probably left its already enfeebled constitution its life-long traces, it also brought him, by the merciful providence of God, its own immense compensation. For it was at Lystra that he converted the son of Eunice, then perhaps a boy of fifteen, for whom he conceived that deep affection which breathes through every line of the epistles addressed to him. This was the Timothy whom he chose as the companion of his future journeys, whom he sent on his most confidential messages, to whom he entrusted the oversight of his most important churches; whom he summoned as the consolation of his last imprisonment; whom he always regarded as the son in the faith who was nearest and dearest to his heart. . . . We may dwell with pleasure on the thought that Timothy stood weeping in that group of disciples who surrounded the bleeding missionary, whose heart was filled with amazement and thankfulness when they saw him recover, who perhaps helped to convey him secretly to his mother's house, and there, it may be, not only bound his wounds, but also read to him in the dark and suffering hours some of the precious words of those Scriptures in which from a child he had been trained (Farrar).

3. PAUL'S FIRST JOURNEY.

4. So ended the first mission journey of the apostle Paul—the first flight as it were of the eagle, which was soon to soar with yet bolder wing, in yet wider circles, among yet more raging storms. . . . Brief as was the period occupied, the consequences were immense. For though Paul returned from this journey a shattered man; though twenty years afterwards, through a vista of severe afflictions, he still looks back, as though it had happened but yesterday, to the persecutions and afflictions which came upon him at Antioch, at Iconium, at Lystra, and yet from all the Lord delivered him; though the journeyings, and violence, and incessant menace to life, which has tried even men of such iron nerves as Oliver Cromwell, had rendered him more liable than ever to fits of acute suffering and intense depression; yet, in spite of all, he returned with the mission-hunger in his heart, with the determination more strongly formed than before to preach the word and be instant in season and out of season, with the fixed conviction that the work and destiny in life to which God had specially called him was to be the apostle of the heathen (Farrar).

5. VI. Interrogative.

1. Who followed the apostle to Lystra?

2. Where did they come?

3. To what did they persuade the people?

4. What violence did they offer to Paul?

5. What happened next?

6. What was Paul's body?

7. Was Paul really dead?

8. How do you explain his recovery?

9. What effect upon the disciples did his recovery probably have?

10. Where next did the apostles go?

11. What success did they have?

12. What made them return on their course?

13. What did they do in the churches?

14. What lesson did they teach?

15. What did they do towards organizing the work?

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[ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.]

Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1883.

Fear perishes when faith and love rule in the heart of a man. True, there are such evils as fierce diseases, poverty, the malice of malignant men, the weakness of the soul itself, yet the man of faith and love scorns to fear them. Why not fear them? Simply because the God he trusts whispers in his heart, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob. . . I will help thee, saith the Lord and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel." That lofty promise inspires him with such spiritual grandeur, that he feels it "beneath his dignity to cringe to anything but God." Nothing can really hurt the man whom God protects.

A discontented man eats his own heart through, what Spenser calls, "comfortless despair." Instead of being grateful for the things he possesses, he frets for those which are beyond his reach. His heart, which ought to be an altar perpetually smoking with the sacrifices of gratitude, is "a grave in which all God's mercies are buried." Supreme selfishness, producing a false estimate of his real deservings, is the force which makes his soul resemble the greedy quicksand that swallows whatever touches it. Hence a discontented mind can find no relief except through that surrender of self to Christ which with faith is the forerunner of that "godliness with contentment" which is "great gain."

Give! This is enjoined in the Bible as a special duty. In so doing we imitate the divine Being, for He is always giving. It furnishes the richest joy, the sweetest pleasure of life to the giver, and what blessings flow from it to the receiver! To receive is always enjoyed and regarded among the greatest pleasures of life, but Paul says, "I have showed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." St. Luke gives the words of Jesus on the subject as follows: "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

Self! How this gets into everything we do! We are commanded to do all for the glory of God, but, alas! how few meet fully the requirements of this command! Some who make high professions of grace, show most unmistakably that self has not been wholly subdued. They are often very persistent in certain matters, respecting which there is an honest difference of opinion among good people, and carry their persistence so far as to destroy the peace of the church, wound the feelings of the most pious, and all done professedly under divine direction. It is not difficult to see more or less mixed up in their professions. They need more of the experience of St. Paul—"I am crucified with Christ. Nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

When a man stands on the summit of threescore and ten years, looking backward toward the days of his early manhood and recalling the companions who started with him in the years that are no more, he is apt to be shocked and saddened by a feeling of loneliness. "So many gone, so few left!" he exclaims. Yes, the images of his departed friends rise before him an army of shadows. Those who remain look like the skeleton of a regiment at the close of a long campaign. And then when the black bordered letter or the tell-tale newspaper brings tidings that this or that one of the late-remaining few is also gone, he feels as the poet did when he sadly sung,—

"Death's lightning strikes to right and left of me,
And like a rain-wind the world around me
Crumbles away, and I am left alone."

Yet not alone, for the Master of death is still with him. His old friends, too, though gone, are not lost. They draw his thoughts to heaven where they are

waiting to bid him welcome—to that heaven now seen to be so near, that he becomes more profoundly convinced than ever, that, as the dying Jeremy Taylor said, "The whole business of life is preparation for death."

There is a broad, refreshing view of the Saviour's power to keep His followers from falling into sin, in Jude's remarkable ascription at the close of his brief epistle: "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." In the Revised Version these words are still more explicitly rendered: "Unto Him that is able to guard you from stumbling, and to set you before the presence of His glory without blemish in exceeding joy." To a believer whose profound self-knowledge is blended with a highly quickened conscience, Jude's conception of his final presentation so purified that when standing in the blaze of his Master's glory no blemish will be visible in his soul, is a thrilling thought. It taxes his faith to its utmost capacity to believe that he, so prone to sin, shall attain to such absolute spotlessness. Nevertheless, he does not doubt the ability of His Lord to do this great thing; neither does he dare to doubt His willingness to do it, since he knows that this was the very end for which His Lord died. Hence the ascription invigorates his faith, renews his hope, intensifies his love, renews his vigor to strive with evil, and enables him to realize in actual experience that his Master is both able and willing not merely to keep him from falling, but "to guard him," as a parent does his child, even "from stumbling." Thus cheered, he looks constantly upward, desiring

"Nearer, each day, the brightening goal."

THE REPOSE OF CHRIST.

How striking this element in the character of our Lord, especially during the three years of His active ministry! Doubtless it was also manifested during the thirty silent, unrecorded years in the workshop of Joseph, but over these years it pleased God to draw an impenetrable veil. Our Lord understood the full significance of His mission. He apprehended the moral condition of the world as we cannot. He understood its relation to the work upon which He had entered upon the earth, and the terrible destiny of impenitent men. He was not without the liveliest and tenderest sensibilities. He wept at the grave of Lazarus with the tearful sisters, although He was, Himself, about to unsell it. No painter could depict the pathos of that scene on the slope of the Mount of Olives, when Jerusalem came to His view as Jesus was walking towards the city from Bethany. Its awful future rose in His prophetic vision. He saw it begin with enemies and its children perishing of hunger. It was sin only that was hurrying on this awful retribution. With Him was power and readiness to save, but this divine clemency and succor were recklessly repelled. "How often would I have gathered thy children together," moans the weeping Messiah, "even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

With all this sensibility what sublime repose He manifests throughout His ministry! He does not depress Himself by the constant thought of the world's wickedness. He shows no discouragement at the comparatively small results attending His marvelous discourses and His startling miracles. He is not appalled by the unbelief and violent rejection of His word and the persecution of the rulers of His nation. He remains unmoved when the great body of His own followers, at a time, forsake Him and fled. He keeps right on in His appointed work. He neither hurries nor delays. To the importunity of His mother and His brethren, His response is, "My time has not yet come." He meets the calls for mercy, temporal and spiritual, as they come to hand, healing the sick that are brought to Him, and forgiving sin when He finds a penitent and trusting spirit. But He does not fly from one end of Palestine to the other in doing this, or waste His energies in vain regret that He cannot do more. He had His appointed work and hour, and He moved solemnly forward, without hesitation or urgency, to complete it.

How could He keep Himself so calm and within such narrow geographical limits? Why did not His heart impel Him to visit other nations, and permit other peoples to hear His voice? Why does He not refer more definitely to the condition of the millions outside of Jewry? But He simply does His work day by day within the restricted limits of Palestine; moves serenely about with the humble fishermen of Galilee and the few women of that province and Perea who followed Him, declaring in the simplest language the sublimest truth that earth ever heard. He has no misgivings as to the ultimate result. Humble and circumscribed as are His own life and personal labors, defeated as He seems to be at every point, certain of an early and terrible death,

He quietly lays His plan for embracing the whole world in the scope of His mission, and commissions His disciples to preach His Gospel to every creature upon the earth.

The secret of His calmness was His unmovable conviction that He was doing, all the time, everything that it fell to Him to do. His portion of the divine process of the world's redemption was to fulfill that narrow earthly ministry, as the world's example of utter sacrifice and service, and then to exhaust the agonies of Gethsemane and Calvary as the world's propitiation for sin. He did not attempt to anticipate the latter until the appointed hour was reached, and then the whole world and every man were embraced in the death He tasted.

There is a lesson for us to learn in this. There is an agony of humanity that no man can endure. The circle of our active labors to bring in the world's redemption from the curse of sin is necessarily very limited. If the largest success attend our endeavors, millions still remain on the outside, un saved. I am not called to solve the terrible problem. I have my appointed Galilee in which to fulfill the mission committed into my hands. If Christ was not hopeless of the triumph of His kingdom, in the shadow of His own cross, eighteen hundred years ago, certainly I have no reason to be in this day of the wonderful outspread and dominance of Christianity.

There are, indeed, some serious obstacles in the way of the final heavenly consummation; strong minds and titled men oppose the truth as it is in Jesus; the faith of many disciples is faint; there is a reluctant wave of worldliness flowing back upon the church; some who have been pronounced disciples have turned aside, and infidelity gathers new force and hope. But what of all this? It is sad enough, indeed; it is dreadful for unbelieving Jerusalem; but Christ still lives! The history of His church, with its ultimate, universal victory, is already written, and the very song that is to resound from one end of heaven to the other when this is won, has been already composed and published. The Christian disciple cannot divest himself of religious sensibility, and ought not so to do. He cannot forget the condition and peril of the world; but he has no occasion to lose his self-command, or to become disheartened. His work is not to close upon the record of prophecy, to bring in the grand consummation, to take part in the final triumph, but to proclaim, in his sphere, hopefully and faithfully, the only Name by which the world can be saved. Christ will take care of His church and of the fulfillment of His word. The one thing for us is to be sure that we, in our allotted place, are personally doing the true work of God committed to our hands; that our hearts and lives are thoroughly transformed by His Spirit; that our services and substance are consecrated, and we may look calmly out upon the impotent efforts of the enemies of truth, even keep our souls from despair on account of the faithlessness of some Christian disciples, and rest assured in the expectation that He who died for the world's redemption will not fail of ultimately seeing of "the travail of His soul" and being satisfied.

THE FRENCH IN THE INDIES.

Since the Great Powers of Europe have virtually placed France in a vise by the "triple treaty" of Germany, Austria, and Italy, with Russia and England as silent partners in the contract, the French nation are literally going mad in regard to foreign conquest in Asia and Africa.

Just now excitement runs high on the question in Tonquin with China, in which the Chambers seem unwilling to yield an inch. The foreign minister virtually repudiates the treaty with China, rejects the proposition of a neutral territory between Tonquin and the Chinese line, denies the feudal claim of China on the Tonquin territory, scouts the idea of protectorates, and even sends to the ruler of Anam an ultimatum, to carry out which the deputies give him five millions of francs.

The gods seem to have made these men mad on this question of "French Africa" and "French Asia," in that they are greedy for the mines which they imagine that these regions possess in great fullness. And these expectations are destined soon to play a great part on the Bourse.

The leading liberal journal in Paris rejoices at the "manly resolution" of this new colonial policy, and declares that Europe has not had of late a just appreciation of French soldiers and sailors, affirming that Canada and the French Indies were lost by France simply because of the levity and irresolution of Louis XV.

But the world is curious to know what are the legitimate claims of France to all this Asiatic soil, and the

reply given runs as follows: In 1779, the native dynasty in Anam was overthrown, but the monarch was returned to his throne for eleven years by French intervention, in pay for which the Anamites ceded several outlying islands to France. During the French Revolution the nation could not look after these, and the Anamites consequently became so bold as to expel the Jesuit missions, and make themselves unacceptable generally. In 1858 the French made great efforts to regain their power, and, after a struggle of three years, succeeded about ten years ago in effecting the peace of Hue, the capital of Tonquin, in which Lower Cochinchina was given to them, as well as the protectorate of Tonquin.

In return for these concessions the French agreed with their strong navy to keep all the surrounding waters clear of the Chinese pirates—a promise which they failed to fulfill for seven years; and when impelled to it by the remonstrances of the authorities of these regions, answered it by occupying the citadel of Hanoi with French troops. From this period the appetite has improved by practice, so that now a large province, with several cities, is in the hands of the French, as well as some of the best ports, which they insist on retaining in opposition to Chinese protests. It is probable that China would have left the French unmolested had they agreed to a neutral belt between them and the Flowery Kingdom; but France claims this as a French possession from a military necessity, because, they say, any neutral ground there would be the resort and refuge of all the thieves and pirates of the vicinity, and could not, therefore, be tolerated.

The Chinese have therefore attacked the city of Hanoi with quite a strong force, but were driven back, and in consequence of this assault the French declare that they must take full possession of all disputed territory, in the interest of Tonquin—that is, of France. The struggle between France and China for these provinces has therefore fairly begun, and the French naval minister demands an appropriation of thirty millions of francs in order to send vessels and gunboats to take the ports and proceed up the rivers. But do the French in this matter not count without their host? The court of Peking will not accept this onslaught as lightly as did the Porte the appropriation of Tunis. The French people seem still to be living under the impressions of 1860, when their General Palikao plundered the Summer Palace, and placed the most costly booty at the feet of the Empress Eugenie, and turned the rest into gold. But since that period the Chinese have learned some lessons taught them in the hard school of the French, the English, and even the Russians. Their diplomatists and soldiers have certainly not visited the cities and the courts of Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg in vain. The court of Peking has not been standing still these last twenty years in military matters. The Chinese fleet is now quite strong, and is rapidly growing. The Germans are helping them in these matters by the great iron-clads constructed at Stettin, and other shipyards of the Baltic, and by the German officers sent to teach them how to handle the monster guns provided by that chief of modern cannon makers, Krupp. The Chinese officials in Europe are even now seeking for the newest and best models of warfare in order to imitate them and place them in the hands of sailors who have learned how to fight pirates in all the Chinese waters from those of Pechili to the bay of Tonquin.

The Chinese army is no longer an object of derision and contempt, and the difference between soldiers on paper and those on foot is by no means so great as it was twenty years ago. China can now in a little time place a strong force in the field, while France has a long and expensive journey to make to reach the scene of strife. The regular army of China now numbers 600,000 men, and the imperial guard in Peking is 17,000 strong, with two-thirds of them provided with the newest modern weapons. A nation of 400,000,000 can certainly command men enough, and it is said that in the interior the soldiers are being drilled and trained to modern warfare. It is thus quite probable that while French diplomatists are counting on professional victories, and French speculators preparing to bring mining ventures on the stock exchange, they may be counting without their host, and digging a pit for their own discomfiture. But a still worse feature of this conflict is the fact that so little is said about the justice and honesty of these invasions. The main thought seems to be the glory and gain of France by foreign conquest.

Dr. W. S. Studley, of Buffalo, delivered the annual address before the Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill.

BRIEF MENTION.

—We are indebted to Rev. O. W. Scott, statistician, for a copy of the Annual Minutes of the Wyoming Conference for 1883. It is a stout octavo pamphlet, with able reports and abundant statistics.

—The two lessons of the frightful casualty on Memorial Day, at the great New York Bridge, are—always, if possible, avoid a surging crowd; and always preserve your presence of mind.

—The painful alternative, at the present moment, with our Roman Catholic Irish fellow-citizens, is "The Pope or Parnell." Doubtless the former will triumph; but in the latter will receive a shock "all the same." For ourselves, in this controversy, we accept the Pope.

—The *Industrial News*, published at the Cooper Union, New York, in its issue for April has a fine steel portrait of the late Peter Cooper and a sketch of his life, with the reported funeral services and notices by the press. The periodical is well filled with scientific and industrial miscellany.

—As we go to press the visitors to the Theological School from the various patronizing Conferences are making their appearance. We had the opportunity to greet in our office Rev. A. N. Fisher, the efficient president of the Buffalo district, Genesee Conference.

—The Commencement exercises at Ohio Wesleyan University occur June 21-28. President C. H. Payne delivers the Baccalaureate sermon, Sunday morning, June 24, and in the evening President H. A. Baetz, of Drew Theological Seminary, gives the missionary address before the Y. M. C. A. The succeeding Thursday is Commencement day.

—Bishop Hurst desires to make the following correction:—

—In the "Episcopal Plan" please correct an error. The Tennessee Conference meets Nov. 28, and the Central Tennessee meets Nov. 28.

—Rev. Rufus Day writes from Calais, May 31:—

—In the obituary notice of my dear wife, as published in the *Herald* of May 30, there is a mistake I would like to see corrected. It is there stated that she was 70 years and 10 months old; it should be, 77 years and 6 months.

—A private letter announces that Dr. Wm. Butler and his family reached England safely. The ocean passage was a very stormy one, but the family arrived in good health and are looking forward hopefully to the longer trip before them.

—It has a curious look to see and read letters in classic Latin from modern writers in Ireland, and from Oregon, Louisiana, Michigan and Washington, on purely modern themes, but this one can enjoy in *Latine*, Prof. Shumway's "organ," for May. With this is a fine selection of Latin quotations, judicious on classic topics, and interesting miscellany—all in the Latin tongue, Potsdam, N. Y.

—The *Newton Journal* reports, at length, the Memorial address delivered at Newtonville by Rev. Daniel Dorchester, Jr., on Sunday evening, May 27, at a union meeting held in the Congregational Church. The Charles Ward Post were present in uniform. The *Journal* says of the discourse that "it was listened to with deep earnestness throughout. It was able and contained sound arguments in applying the lessons of Memorial Day to public affairs. The address occupied about fifty minutes in delivery, the speaker using no notes."

—The author of the work upon "The Baptism in Fire" writes to us in correction of a book notice in *Zion's Herald*—in which it was intimated that he referred disapprovingly to a work of Bishop Peck upon Christian perfection—that it was not the Bishop's, but George Peck's, work to which he referred. He also adds that in a second edition he will so correct the passage as to prevent the reader from falling into such a mistake. We are very ready to publish this correction of Rev. Mr. Smith.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons publish a neat hand-book, in ornate paper covers, of "The Yellowstone National Park." It gives full descriptions of its amazing natural wonders, with pictorial illustrations—its hot springs, spouting geysers, canyons, and its guide the tourist needs in visiting the wonders of the national park, and is interesting to the general reader in its descriptions of the most remarkable scenes upon this continent.

—Preliminary measures have been taken to establish an Eastern Chautauque. A union meeting of Sunday-school men was held, May 25, at the rooms of the American S. S. Union for this purpose, at which Rev. S. M. Vernon, D. D., of the Methodist Church, presided. A committee was appointed to report at an adjourned meeting. Where could a better place for such a summer Sunday-school institution be found than at Framingham, where the experiment is already in successful trial?

—The venerable Mrs. Fay, widow of the late Hon. Francis B. Fay, died in Lancaster, her residence for the last twenty-five years, at the advanced age of 87. She was an excellent woman, of tender heart and active character, entering fully into sympathy with her late husband in his zealous labors for the establishment of the State Industrial School for Girls at Lancaster. She leaves two sons, the elder, Hon. Frank B. Fay, of Chelsea, who perpetuates the hereditary inheritance in pious childhood and abused domestication.

—Wm. Lewis, esq., secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, issues an instructive pamphlet, prepared by the board, upon the "Resources and Capabilities of Kansas," its position, dimensions and topography, with information as to vacant lands, mines, schools, churches, etc. This is printed in German, Swedish and Danish, as well as English, which is, in itself, very significant of the future nation that is to spring out of these varied stocks. The pamphlet can be secured by addressing the secretary at Topeka.

—The "higher license" system is receiving, as we should suppose it would, some heavy blows in its practical trial. At Des Moines, Iowa, with the price of a license at \$1,000, eleven additional saloons have been established. It simply gives out a few of the smaller places, and gives both a monopoly and a sort of respectability to the larger. No adequate sum can be allotted as a license for the work of destroying both the souls and bodies of our fellow-men.

—Dr. Cooke's health, at Orangeburg, S. C., has so far failed that he has been enabled to resume the most of his duties, and the college year, it has been successful in all departments, commanding the respect of the State authorities and the continuance of an annual appropriation upon the agricultural department, and bestowing a good, thorough education on the attending pupils. The fine firm of the institution has given both employment and practical instruction to many of the young men.

—The *Christian World* (London) has an interesting report of a sermon delivered by Rev. Phillips Brooks on Sunday, May 13, in St. Matthews Church of that city. It is a congregation of poor people, with quite a sprinkling of clergymen drawn by curiosity to hear the popular American preacher. The report says of it that in manner and tone it had no A. C. criticisms about it, and that "it is not often that our Episcopal pulpits vibrate under so thrilling a message." Boston will heartily welcome her favorite preacher home again.

—We have received a very neat memorial pamphlet, published by, and for, the family of the late truly venerable and excellent Rev. Daniel De Vinne. It contains a full report of the impressive funeral services held at the M. E. Church, Morrisania, on the 14th of last February, with the addresses delivered by Dr. Curry and Revs. S. H. Platt and George Hollis, and also Rev. De Vinne's autobiographical sermon before the New York East Conference, delivered at Middletown, Conn., on the completion of his fifty-third year in the ministry. It is a grateful memorial of a pure and faithful man of God.

—Rev. A. W. Bunker writes from San Diego, Cal., May 21:—

—*Zion's Herald* continues to come to us like an old friend with many a pleasant word. Its weekly visit keeps us acquainted with Eastern friends and their labors, while, alas! we fear those friends are fast forgetting us. Well, so be it; we can become acquainted again in the "sweet by and by." We have flowers, more or less, the year round, but our roses, especially the white varieties, fade in May. Such being the case we observed yesterday (May 20) as Children's Day. It was, we think, a very profitable occasion."

—Funk & Wagnalls issue, in their Standard Library, "San Hobart," by Rev. Justin D. Fulton, D. D. This volume is the life of a locomotive engineer, and his biographer calls it "A Workingman's Story of the Labor Problem." The book shows how thoughtful and devoted man, amid the constant calls of a laborious form of industry, may reap the richest enjoyment out of life, accomplish great good among his fellow-men, study difficult social problems, aid in the great reforms of the day, and effectually preach Christ by precept and example. The volume is vigorously written, and will accomplish good service wherever it is circulated.

—The National Educational Association opens its annual convention at Saratoga, July 5, to continue for the five succeeding days. The leading educators of the country will be present, and very valuable papers read, upon which discussions will be held. Favorable arrangements for boarding and railroad passage have been made. Mr. Wm. E. Sheldon, the secretary of the Association, 16 Hawley Street, will give any information desired. This congress promises to be one of great interest and profit to practical teachers and school superintendents.

—The New York papers of Thursday last are full of the painful incidents of the terrible bridge disaster which occurred in the afternoon of the previous day. The one occasion of blame seems to be the inefficiency of the bridge police. The event appears to have been precipitated by a band of roughs and pickpockets who pushed forward the first line of passengers upon the descending steps; two women falling, and then others stumbling over and upon them. It was some time before the crowding masses of the bridge could be stopped so as to prevent the continuance of the awful work and enable those struggling below to rescue the fallen. It was a sad "memorial day" for the new bridge, and a terrible baptism of blood for its early hours.

—A good audience listened, in Tremont Temple, Sunday afternoon, to the Baccalaureate sermon of President W. F. Warren before the trustees, faculty, and students of Boston University. His text was the first verse of the 27th Psalm: "The Lord is my light and my salvation," etc. It was a masterly exposition of the true conditions for the discovery of truth and its application to the highest objects in human life. The sermon is published in full in the *Daily Advertiser*. It sets forth in a convincing and powerful manner the positive spiritual philosophy and unhesitating Christian faith which characterize the teachings of the University, and illustrates, also, the ability with which this will be done.

—We have received a copy of the catalogue of the officers and students of Clark University, Atlanta, Ga., for 1882-3. Rev. E. O. Thayer is its president, with several professors and two trustees. It numbered, last year, in all departments, 111 students of both sexes. It has a fine academic building on a commanding site, and the successful beginning of a very prosperous technical school in connection with the academic department. Under the indefatigable labors of Bishop Warren, a theological school is established, an elegant building for which is now going up. This institution promises to be one of our largest, broadest, and most useful at the South. President Thayer has secured generous donations for the aid of students, for the work shop, and for the school of domestic economy, during the year. The institution has the hearty sympathy of its numerous Northern friends.

—E. B. Treat, publisher, 757 Broadway, New York, has issued the first number of the *Pulpit Treasury*, and it makes a very inviting appearance. Dr. J. Sanderson is the managing editor, but a large corps of eminent clergymen have consented to aid in conducting the periodical. It is intended to meet the wants of pastors and Christian workers, and its pages will be studiously preserved from speculative and radical discussions. Its sermons will be by leading orthodox ministers of all the denominations, and its Sunday-school, missions, evangelistic, and miscellaneous departments will be in the hands of expert writers. The first number has sermons by Drs. John Hall and Thomas Armitage, with lectures by Dr. W. M. Taylor and Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage. Its sixty octavo pages are crowded with suggestive religious matter, quickening to the pastor or teacher, \$2.50 a year; \$2 to clergymen.

—An honest effort by a badly-trained Portuguese scholar to provide a "Guide" for his young fellow-citizens to English conversation, makes a particularly amusing little manual. It has been republished by D. Appleton & Co., in its neat parchment paper series, and is entitled, "English as She is Spoken; or, A Jot in Saker Earnest." The various terms in common use are arranged under proper headings, and then short fables and anecdotes are related. Young Portuguese students using this hand-book may have a singular idea of the coherence of the English tongue. Here is one fable:—

—A countryman was confessed to the parson to have robbed a mutton at a farmer of his neighborhood. "My friend," said the Confessor, "it must be returned, or you shall not have the absolution." But reply the villager, "I had eaten him." "So much worse," told him the pastor; "you will be the devil sharing; because in the wide vale where we ought to appear, we before God every one shall speak against you, even the mutton." "How!" replied the countryman, "the mutton will find in that part; I am very glad of that; then the restitution shall be easy, since I shall not have to tell to the farmer, 'Neighbor, take your mutton again!'"

—We are rarely called to prophesy sympathetically to a ministerial brother under more effective circumstances than to the excellent pastor of

Hampshire Conference, pastor of Walsley, Stowe a very useful little manual. It is the volume a thoughtful pastor wants to place in the hands of a young person entering the class and joining the church on probation. It is entitled, "Elements of Methodism; a Series of Short Lectures addressed to the Beginning of a Life of Godliness." It opens with a welcome to the new life, calls attention to the Bible, its value and character, and then discusses the different aspects of religion given in our Discipline, the vital doctrine of grace and the ordinances as held by our church. It develops and illustrates the rules of society, the nature of probation and full membership, and closes with an earnest exhortation to growth in grace and perseverance in holy living. It is an excellent and instructive volume. Every young member of the church should read it. Magee has it, Price 75 cents.

—Secretary Eaton, of the National Bureau of Education at Washington, has prepared a very valuable special report on "Industrial Education in the United States." The different varieties of training schools, with the various branches taught in them, are clearly set forth in this instructive document. In a full appendix, all the chief institutions in the different States, arranged alphabetically, are quite fully described. Among them we find Clark University at Orangeburg, with its mechanical and agricultural departments presented at length. Now that the introduction of industrial training into the common school is widely discussed, a simple review of the present provisions in this country will be appreciated by thoughtful educators.

—One of the most interesting of the English May anniversaries was the annual festival, in Exeter Hall, of the Children's Home, of which Dr. Stephenson is the founder and manager. It is now only about thirteen years old. It commenced with one little ward picked up in the streets of London by Dr. Stephenson. It now has four or five branches in various parts of England and one in Canada, and has already helped more than 1,300 children out of the depths into homes, where they will have a fair chance for life. No man of his day has done a better work than Dr. Stephenson, and we do not wonder that he has the sympathy and active support of the chief Wesleyan preachers and laymen. The President of the Conference gave a parting word, and a short address at the anniversary. Dr. Stephenson's statement of his late trip to Australia in connection with health and in the interest of his orphanage. One of our most grateful Sabbath school workers was present, and at his pleasant home on Bonner Road, Victoria Park, where he has in a block of comfortable houses 224 children—109 girls and 115 boys. It is a noble enterprise, sustained with remarkable success by its indefatigable and devoted president.

—Memorial Day was generally observed as a holiday in this vicinity. The patriotic work of decorating graves was conducted with much diligence, although the new generation hardly remembers the names of the once greatly-lamented dead. The orations were generally very sensible and practical, inculcating lessons of charity as well as patriotism, and especially awakening attention to the existing evils threatening the country. The Lawrence *Daily American* gives a full report of the thoughtful and impressive oration of Rev. J. D. Pickles in that city. His topic, which the reporter says was "listened to with close attention," was "Dangers now Threatening our Civilization." These, as he declared them, were, "illiteracy, demoralization and corruption among the people; the rapid accumulation of enormous fortunes; the hasty introduction of foreign voters into the government of the land, and, interperence." Mayor Palmer of Boston delivered a full and able address in Faneuil Hall, giving a full and original review of the late civil war, its cause, its character, and the reason why the South inevitably failed in the contest. Dr. Bolton was the orator of the day at Charlestown, and Rev. Mr. Green, of Trinity, the chaplain. A large number of our ministers were called to render service in different localities throughout the State.

—The return of Rev. James Mulge to his home and Conference after an absence of ten years, is certainly an event to be chronicled. Rev. Mulge has kept himself fresh in our interest by the admirable weekly paper, the *Lucknow Witness*—now the *Indian Witness*—which he has edited, and by his constant letters from the missionary field to our paper. While he has devoted himself largely to the press, as a powerful missionary agency, he has also done efficient service in the evangelic field, preaching both to English audiences and in the vernacular. He has been of eminent service to the mission, and his labors have been fully appreciated by his colleagues. His removal from the paper was earnestly deprecated. In the good providence of God he has not been sick a day since he left this country. One little child sleeps in mission soil, but the remainder of his family returns in comfortable health. Rev. Mulge will be happy to enter into any service which may be providentially indicated between now and the next session of the Conference. We trust his influence will be felt in awakening missionary enthusiasm in our churches. He will speak of what he has seen, and felt, and handled with his own hands.

—Another session of the National Education Assembly is called to meet at Ocean Grove, N. J., August 9-12. Dr. J. C. Hartzell will be its conductor, as he was last year. He has secured the pledged presence of a number of the leading educators and philanthropists, who will read papers or discuss in the debate of this important and interesting congress. The question of "National Aid for Common Schools" will be discussed by Senator Blair of New Hampshire, Judge Tourangeau and others from the North, and prominent men from the South. "The Negro in America," will be considered by Frederick Douglass, Bishop H. W. Warren, Dr. H. W. Ward of the *Independent*, and Rev. J. W. Harris. The morning of the Conference will be discussed by Bishop Wilbur, Bishop Tuttle, Rev. Dr. Kendall, and others. The Indian question will be thoroughly reviewed by Bishop Whipple, Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, Bishop Cox, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, and a number of other well-known friends and advocates of the rights of our Indian wards.

—There will also be a conference of missionary teachers, preachers, and representatives of Northern organizations laboring in the Southern States. Dr. C. H. Fowler will make an address of welcome, and numerous responses will be given. A large number of leading clergymen, editors and secretaries of different denominations have intimated their intention to be present and share in the discussion of the occasion. The convention promises to be one of the most interesting and profitable of the season. Abundant provision at a reasonable rate will be made for board during the sessions. The summer city where it meets is one of the most attractive on the Atlantic coast, and the occasion will render the visit there, at this time, particularly grateful.

—We are rarely called to prophesy sympathetically to a ministerial brother under more effective circumstances than to the excellent pastor of

The Family.

WHAT THE TRAVELER SAID AT SUNSET.

The shadows grow and deepen round me;
I feel the dew-fall in the air;
The murmur of the darkening thicket
I hear the night-birds call to prayer.

The evening wind is sad with farewells,
And loving hands unclasp from mine;
Alone I go to meet the darkness
Across an awful boundary-line.

As from thoughtful hearts behind me
I pass with slow, reluctant feet,
What waits me in the land of strangers?
What face shall smile, what voice shall greet?

What space shall awe, what brightness blind me?
What thunder-roll of music stun?
What vast processions sweep before me
Of shapes unknown beneath the sun?

I shrink from unaccustomed elory,
I dread the myriad-voiced strain;
Give me the forgotten faces,
And let my lost ones speak again.

He will not chide my mortal yearning
Who is our Brother and our Friend,
In whose full life divine and human
The heavenly and the earthly blend.

Mine be the joy of soul-communion,
The sense of spiritual strength renewed,
The reverence for the pure and holy,
The dear delight of doing good.

No fitting ear is mine to listen
To endless anthems' rise and fall;
No curious eye is mine to measure
The pearl gate and the jasper wall.

For love must needs be more than knowledge;
What matter if I never know
Why Adah's star is ruddy,
Or older Sirius was as snow!

Forgive my human words, O Father!
I go Thy larger truth to prove;
Thy mercy shall transcend my longing;
I seek but love, and Thou art Love!

I go to find my lost and mourned for,
Safe in Thy sheltering goodness still,
And all that hope and faith forbade
Made perfect in Thy holy will!

— J. G. WHITTIER, in *Independent*.

INDIA.

BY BISHOP R. S. FOSTER.

NINTH PART.

Nothing is more certain to my mind than the impossibility to raise India by any measures which do not include or provide for a total change of the physical condition of the people. An economical revolution is as necessary as a religious conversion; indeed, the one would be quite impossible and of no particular value without the other. The introduction and prevalence of the Christian religion must, as inevitably as the coming of light and life when the sun shines and the shower descends, revolutionize the industries and manner of life of the native population. The question is simply whether there should be anticipation or at least concurrent arrangements set on foot that will not less certainly grow out of it than they would be helpful to it. If it is wise that these people should remain about as they are in respect of physical condition, then it is wise to avoid preaching Christ to them or setting up the Christian ideas and practice among them. If it is best to propagate Christianity, it is wise to introduce arrangements that will meet the new demands which its spirit will create. The natives of India cannot continue to live like cattle and at the same time become Christians. The two things are incompatible. Whatever necessitates the former is hostile to the latter. Legislation and governmental measures that are expensive, or that rob them of the fruits of their industries, must work against their Christianization. A heathen can be raised on thirty rupees a year; a Christian cannot. A Christian cannot dress on one rupee; a heathen can. A heathen can live like a donkey and have no other wants; a Christian cannot. Christian civilization is an expensive thing. It must have homes, it must support schools and churches, it must wear clothes, it must begot art, it must demand refinement. It will breed discontent with brutality, with ignorance and equality, injustice, oppression and robbery. Enforced economical arrangements that graduate the possible provision for a people at thirty rupees, will guarantee a nation of brutes. To have men and women, a different scale must be provided for. A government does not exist for its rulers, but for its people. The rulers are but a portion, and must not absorb the industries that are needed by the whole. The Christian religion will not permit this. It is a bastard pretender that organizes itself around such an idea. The industries of a people must exist for the people.

India is capable of sustaining a Christian civilization, but it must be taught proper industries and remunerative arts, and these must go into the life of its people and not be squandered on the lust and pride of its rulers and oppressors. It is not to Christianize India to have it give up its gods and accept the Christian Bible and Sabbath, and have its millions support a so-called Christian throne, and put a so-called Christian army to gather its taxes and crush out its manhood. Such a Christianization was a sorry exchange for its native heathenism. To Christianize it, is to cover its fields with cheerful and industrious workmen, who shall reap their own harvest; to create trades and arts whose riches shall educate and clothe their own children; to turn their pens and huts, unfit for beasts, into homes of comfort; to fill them with aspirations after a real manhood; to make a civilization which will cost more to raise a man than it does to fatten a pig. Under the existing régime India cannot be Christian in the true and proper sense. As it receives the Gospel, it will grow out of its present self, it will burst its galling bands asunder, it will make new laws and industries. Its naked millions will be clothed when they come to their right mind. It will have its own mills and factories, and its own children will drive the spindles and invent and guide the machinery, and its mothers will have men and women for their offspring. Any form of Christianization that fails

to secure this, will be a mere cheat and a lie—a delusion and a snare. It does not want new rulers or government. The power of England is the best power for India for the present, if rightly used. No other can take its place. God has put it where it is. England is responsible for the problem committed to her. What is wanted is for her to use her power as a Christian trustee; for the Queen and her ministers to feel that these are her wards, and take care of them as they should.

It may be retorted, to be sure, that government is not a benevolent institution and cannot be so administered, and that it is not desirable to raise Hindus to the customs of English civilization. To this there is a single answer: The people of India are entitled to that kind of government which will secure to them the conditions of their highest welfare; and any other kind of government, or government administered over them with any other end in view, or practically working against this one supreme end, or not working to it, is a false, tyrannical and unchristian government—an enemy to India and mankind as well. The problem to be solved is not the minimum on which human beings can be subsisted, how nearly they can live in, whether they can live on rice and curry, how primitive their habits can be, and they be kept contented; nor yet is it how much they can be kept down from knowing their rights, or prevented from asserting them, or how much of the fruits of their industries can be seized and they ignorantly submit, or how much their tyrants can make out of them, or how to hold them in degrading subjection as instruments of lust and plunder. That would be the problem with a diabolical tyrant; and any government that undertakes a policy practically working in that direction, is diabolical. The problem with a Christian government, or a merely human government in the nineteenth century, is altogether of another kind—is, what can promote the best and most remunerative industries for the people, what can secure to them the highest results of their toil, what can best feed and clothe them and give them the truest and happiest homes, and what will be promotive of their truest and highest development, make the noblest men and women, and put their children in the most eligible positions for the highest and grandest possibilities of life? No government has any other right than that of a tyrant and robber to ask any other question or propose measures to any other end for any of its subjects. All advance is expensive, but it is the practice of manhood to advance despite expense. It involves expense to build men. What is needed is not to diminish expense, but to direct where it shall be laid out, and determine what it shall bring.

One of the most noted points about Bangalore is the fort, which overlooks the principal native station, called the Pettah, from the west. The fort stands on a gentle eminence which rises only perceptibly above the great plain on which the city stands. It is an ancient fortress most elaborately built, probably under the engineering of the French, and according to the best art at the time. Its vast and gloomy walls, twenty or thirty feet thick, are of solid blocks of heavy stone, with many towers and bastions, and surrounded by a deep moat which could be filled from a tank which is nearly, and covering an area of not less than eight hundred feet square. It is in a good state of preservation, and its gloomy dungeons, in which many prisoners waited their wretched lives, are still in repair and ready for use. There are two great archways for entrance and egress through the massive walls. Within there is quite an extensive population who are in some way connected with the government. A vast imperial palace, now in ruins, and an expensive temple still stand within its walls. The temple is still used, and its stone gods can be seen from the great door through which no polluted Christian is permitted to enter. The palace is a vast pile and built in the style of excessive ornamentation common to oriental architecture. Here the infamous Tipoo, the last of the Mysore rajahs, lived and had his court. The ride from Bangalore to Madras is for the first hundred and fifty miles through a table-land flanked with impenetrable jungles, called "tanks," and isolated hills or mountains of fragmentary rocks, with intervals of rice fields and palm groves. The landscape is varied and in the main pleasing. Farther on the way is flat and penetrated everywhere with bays and inlets, and covered with rice fields of great extent and fertility. The traveler can look in no direction without seeing droves of black, almost nude, figures of men and women engaged in this industry, either planting, or harvesting, or threshing, or conveying to market, the almost only thing they cultivate. Till the day of my death I shall never be able to erase from my memory the ungainly buffalo cow, the more fantastic, lop-eared, many-colored sheep and goats, the tall black human figures, and the sad-faced children and women, which everywhere appear on the surfaces of these South India lands. I hardly know which I would prefer to change places with for this world—perhaps, on the whole, the goats. For the next world, unless there is some great compensation and means of elevation, we might hope for a common unconsciousness might engulf them all. The sad fate of these millions affects me almost to frenzy. And that makes it sadder is their seeming patience and helplessness, and the melancholy fact that those who rule over them, calling themselves Christians, appear not to know that they are human like themselves, that they have hungry, starving, breaking hearts, looking for light only to see darkness; no dreaming, even, that they are brothers; and that they deserve a better fate; willing to have them toil for nothing—one to four cents a day—and wishing to per-

petuate this awful human woe from generation to generation only for their convenience and aggrandizement.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

BY MRS. M. B. CHICK.

The Master sat in the temple
Where the crowd before Him passed
Over against the treasury,
Where the offerings were cast.

The haughty priest and Pharisee,
The rich and the poor were there,
And the hearts of all like an open book
Before His sight lay bare.

Like an open page before Him
He read each heart aright,
No secret thought or motive
Was hidden from His sight.

He knew who gave with grudging,
And who with proud display,
And who with willing heart and hand
Froth out his store that day.

The widow from her scanty store
Let one poor farthing fall,
Yet in the loving Master's sight
Her gift was more than all.

And I somehow think the Master
Sits just as He did then
Over against the treasury
To weigh the gifts of men.

He knows who gives with grudging,
And who with proud display,
And who gives with loving grace,
Just as He did that day.

The poor from out their scanty store
Still bring their offering small,
Yet their humble gifts are counted much
By Him who weighs them all.

— MR. KNOWLES DONATION PARTY.

BY LIZZIE WILLIS HASTINGS.

Taunton was a lovely little village nestled snugly among the hills of New Hampshire. It contained about a thousand inhabitants, who were mostly farmers. There were but two churches—a Baptist and a Methodist. The latter had about three hundred members.

One bright sunny afternoon in January the sewing society belonging to this church met at farmer Barton's, some three miles from the church. The farmer and his wife were a jolly, hospitable couple, and when the society met with them it was largely attended. The omnibus from the village had brought out about thirty ladies, and the gentlemen were expected to tea.

The sewing society was an event with these country folks, as they were a social community, and in small towns there are not very many concerts, lectures, and other places of amusement. Here were assembled this bright afternoon, old ladies, matrons, and sweet young girls. Tongues and fingers were both busy.

"It's most time for our donation party," said Mrs. Barton.

"Do! why, I supposed donation parties were all alike," said Mrs. Bates, the grocer's wife.

"Well, if they are, God forbid that I ever see another one!" said Miss Doga, the village dressmaker.

"Why, what do you mean?" said the Widow Fay.

"I will tell you," said Miss Doga. "I am so hurried with work I have to engage myself weeks, and sometimes months, ahead."

"We know that to our sorrow," said bright Fannie Barton.

"Well, I was engaged to work for our minister's wife last year, the 10th and 17th of March, and the donation was the 15th. I got there a little after 7 o'clock in the morning, and such a looking house you never saw. There were crumbs of cake and pie all over the carpets, and you remember Jim Jade upset and broke a lamp in the parlor. The whole house was in disorder. Mrs. Knowles' face was terribly swelled from toothache. She had taken cold because the young people left the hall doors open so much. The baby had been fretful all night, and the poor woman was all fagged out. The tears came into her eyes every few minutes in spite of herself, and I could see she was disappointed as well as sick, and no wonder."

"I took hold and cleared up, and I found out that besides the \$25 we had given our minister, the donation had been more expensive than profit to them. Some one brought Mrs. Knowles a garnet velvet bonnet and a pair of light kids! Don't you think the effect would have been pleasant if she had worn them with that old shawl and rusty black dress? In the pantry were three loaves of cake, a plate of pieces, and a jar of pickles. I never felt so mean and ashamed in my life, for of course I bear my share of the blame for this state of things. Mrs. Knowles brought out that brown merino of hers, the only decent dress she had, all ready to be made over for the oldest girl, Susie. I asked her why she did not have it made over for herself, and she said she could do without it; she wanted the children to look decent, so the parish would not be ashamed of them."

The ladies sat in astonishment, forgetting to sew, and the "do tells" and "I want to know" from the old women were amusing.

"We give our minister \$800. I should think that ought to be enough," said Mrs. Savell.

"It would be for you, but you raise all your living on your large farm. Don't you remember what a fuss some of the people made when the pastor hired a piece of ground and raised his own vegetables one year about spending the time he ought to be visiting his parishioners in hoeing and weeding? A minister's expenses are greater than most people's, for he is expected to take the lead in all benevolent enterprises, not by his influence alone, but he must head the list by a generous gift from his own pocket-book. His home must be a sort of hotel for all agents working for the Lord, best accommodations expected."

"Well," said Miss Rossel, the school mistress, "I should think a minister's books would cost him something; mine do, and of course he needs tools to work with as much as a farmer does. I was reading the other day that there were not so many young men studying for the ministry as there used to be."

"Well, I don't blame them, if they treat all ministers as they do in Taunton," said Miss Doga with a laugh; but those nearest her noticed there were tears in her eyes.

"Well," said Mrs. Barton, "we must have a rousing donation party this year."

Miss Doga was a smart, capable woman, and her word was respected in more ways than in regard to the fashions of Taunton.

The parsonage was a neat little cottage situated near the church. One cold afternoon in early March, the pastor was getting ready to attend a funeral some five miles from home.

"My dear, can you sew a button on my coat?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Knowles, as she went for needle and silk.

"How thin your coat is, Andrew; you need a new one very much; I should not think your people could see you go so thinly clad."

"Well, I don't suppose they have thought much about it."

"They ought to think."

"Never mind, the winter is almost over, and perhaps I can have some new clothes after the donation."

"Oh, dear! I never want to see another donation!"

"Wish you had never been a minister's wife, too, don't you, Mary?"

"No! I have never wished that. How could I when I see how much good you are doing? You have done great good here in the three years that have nearly passed since we came. What a fierce quarrel the church was in! Half of the members were so angry with the other half that they would not speak to them or go to church for fear they would have to see their bitter enemies. How you did pray those few first weeks that God would pour out His Spirit among this people, and what a revival followed! And there have been a hundred added to the church since we came here."

"Yes, and I remember how a certain little woman often left her many cares and went out among the people, and I am not sure but her efforts were more blessed than mine. That's about all the good this people have now—they don't always remember their pastor," said the good man as he thought of his almost empty purse; "but never mind, Mary; as long as God don't forget us, it's not much matter about the rest."

[Concluded next week.]

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[Concluded next week.]

These are the words that a brown-eyed maid sang as she opened her shutters wide, And looked abroad on the Lord's fair world Which exhaled fragrance on every side. Away in the trees a robin trilled

As though it would burst its ruby throat, And gaze afar to the azure skies, Where feathered messengers seemed to float, Her soul was lifted above the clouds

And pierced through ethereal vistas blue To the spirit world where peace abides, And all is lovely and all is true.

She could not utter the sweet, sweet thoughts That touched the strings of her heart's own lute, She could not tell of the joy she felt, For her lips were strangely stilled and mute.

But she breathed in the music of other lands Till her breast was filled with an untold love For the sweet-voiced choir that swept the sky;

And the Lord in His golden courts above, Who had heard with pleasure at early dawn The maiden singing her tender lay To His dear flowers that bloomed on earth, Sent an angel to bear her soul away

To its lasting home amidst fairer scenes Where, joining with the eternal bands She might sing forever a rapt song And sweep a lyre with tuneful strands.

A CONTRIBUTION-BOX TRANSFORMED.

It was the Sabbath for a semi-annual contribution to the Home Missionary Society, of which announcement had been made a week previous. According to her usual custom, Mrs. Whitcomb expected to put fifty cents into the box. If the amount seemed small to others, her conscience was quieted by a thought of two dollars paid annually to the Ladies' Home Missionary Society, which was auxiliary to the church. There are so many objects for benevolence, so many calls nowadays, one must plan justly for all, and not rob Peter to pay Paul; was a favorite saying with Mrs. Whitcomb.

One habit of this lady was to look over a collector's book before pledging a first subscription to any cause. If the amount credited to most subscribers was fifty cents or a dollar, she accepted this as the limit of payment for herself, without any comparison of her ability with the majority of supporters.

No special pleas, no suggestion to "double contributions," or presentation of urgent needs moved her to increased and occasional large-hearted giving. "One must never be governed by impulse in these matters," was often urged in explanation; "in charity, as in everything else, I am controlled by judgment and experience."

It was most fortunate that the "regular fee" paid by his wife was not infrequently supplemented by Judge Whitcomb with substantial donations.

These were always signed "from a friend," to escape the imputation of prodigality and unsound judgment from his better half. To prevent unwarrantable liberality the judge's wife often took the precaution to sound her husband upon his intentions shortly before a stated collection, and advised as to the amount to be given. Knowing his special leaning towards home missions, the prudent lady felt some misgivings upon the Sabbath in question. So, as they were about starting for church, she casually reminded her husband of the collection—as if there were any need—adding, "I have some change in my purse if you have none."

The judge had, on the previous evening, taken special care to empty his pockets of all coin, in anticipation of the coming collection. For how could he drop change into the box if he hadn't any? The good man had been reprimanded upon several occasions for depositing a bill. "It is as well to give the dollars where your name is signed and there is some accountability; but small coin will do as well for the box," had been the instruction.

In deep chagrin the would-be-generous man turned to his wife, unequal to the emergency. She guessed the secret, but purposely misinterpreted his silence, and bantered him upon forgetting his favorite collection; adding, "Never mind, I have enough for us both; how much do you want?"

"Oh, I have money enough with me, but you can't see me have half a dollar if you like," was the reply, made with such apparent sincerity that the schemer was puzzled. The silver piece was handed over with much self-queering: "Does anybody suppose he'll really give only half a dollar? There is hope of reformation in the most stubborn if John is at last become prudent."

The choir usually rendered some instrumental piece, and the organ played a hymn. The choir usually rendered some instrumental piece, and the organ played a hymn. The choir usually rendered some instrumental piece, and the organ played a hymn.

Thinking of her husband's unaccountable conduct, of the opening hymn, with its refrain still echoing through her mind, and of the unusual postponement of the collection till the close of service, Mrs. Whitcomb did not pay much heed to the discourse. Meditation during the sermon is ever a soporific, and such it proved to the kind-hearted housewife.

It was most natural that her waking thoughts should follow Mrs. Whitcomb in sleep, and that she should, in dreams, see good old Deacon Beman come down the aisle to gather the "tithes into the storehouse." The dreamer very vividly went through the form of taking a half-dollar from her pocket, and lifting it to the extended box, when lo—it was a box no longer! With chilled heart the astonished lady saw the half, lifeless wood assume the appearance of living flesh. It was a hand now, and from its veins flowed drops of blood. Looking up she beheld a form like unto the Son of God, with a face which betokened a knowledge of grief and acquaintance with sorrows. Almost paralyzed with remorse the sleeper cried, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord! I am not worthy to put into my Savior's hand."

With pained and pleading look these words were spoken: "I gave My life for thee; Wilt thou give life to Me?"

Quickly the half dollar was thrown away by the trembling listener, and a coin of gold was laid instead upon the bleeding palm. As the shining bit touched the wound the flow of blood was lessened. In the attitude of divine benediction the Lord Christ thus spoke: "Disciple, thou hast wrought a good work upon Me. The tears of My people must be wiped away; the nations must be purged from sin; the gospel of good tidings must sound in every ear before this bleeding wound can be wholly healed. Blessed be they who hasten on the day!"

Deep organ tones awakened the sleeper when the collection was about to be taken. Clutching at her husband's arm Mrs. Whitcomb whispered eagerly, "John, you won't put in that fifty cents, will you? Why, dear, it's the hand of the Lord! In bewilderment the judge looked at his agonized wife, who pleaded again: "I mean the contribution box, John; it is the hand of Christ, our Lord! Could you lay a few cents upon it?"

"No, wife," was the joyful reply. "I will give fifteen dollars—very well, and I'll give as much more."

Was it his wife who thus spoke, the very same who had outwitted him in the morning? Yes, the very same woman renewed. She had seen the Lord and heard His words; she had learned the deep meaning of the Savior's "inasmuch." Never again would good judgment keep her from ministering to her crucified Redeemer, through the poor, the sorrowing, and the benighted. The contribution box had been transformed; but still more wonderful and blessed was the transformation which had taken place in the heart of the woman.

— CONGREGATIONALIST.

These were always signed "from a friend," to escape the imputation of prodigality and unsound judgment from his better half. To prevent unwarrantable liberality the judge's wife often took the precaution to sound her husband upon his intentions shortly before a stated collection, and advised as to the amount to be given. Knowing his special leaning towards home missions, the prudent lady felt some misgivings upon the Sabbath in question. So, as they were about starting for church, she casually reminded her husband of the collection—as if there were any need—adding, "I have some change in my purse if you have none."

The judge had, on the previous evening, taken special care to empty his pockets of all coin, in anticipation of the coming collection. For how could he drop change into the box if he hadn't any? The good man had been reprimanded upon several occasions for depositing a bill. "It is as well to give the dollars where your name is signed and there is some accountability; but small coin will do as well for the box," had been the instruction.

In deep chagrin the would-be-generous man turned to his wife, unequal to the emergency. She guessed the secret, but purposely misinterpreted his silence, and bantered him upon forgetting his favorite collection; adding, "Never mind, I have enough for us both; how much do you want?"

"Oh, I have money enough with me, but you can't see me have half a dollar if you like," was the reply, made with such apparent sincerity that the schemer was puzzled. The silver piece was handed over with much self-queering: "Does anybody suppose he'll really give only half a dollar? There is hope of reformation in the most stubborn if John is at last become prudent."

The choir usually rendered some instrumental piece, and the organ played a hymn. The choir usually rendered some instrumental piece, and the organ played a hymn. The choir usually rendered some instrumental piece, and the organ played a hymn.

Thinking of her husband's unaccountable conduct, of the opening hymn, with its refrain still echoing through her mind, and of the unusual postponement of the collection till the close of service, Mrs. Whitcomb did not pay much heed to the discourse. Meditation during the sermon is ever a soporific, and such it proved to the kind-hearted housewife.

It was most natural that her waking thoughts should follow Mrs. Whitcomb in sleep, and that she should, in dreams, see good old Deacon Beman come down the aisle to gather the "tithes into the storehouse." The dreamer very vividly went through the form of taking a half-dollar from her pocket, and lifting it to the extended box, when lo—it was a box no longer! With chilled heart the astonished lady saw the half, lifeless wood assume the appearance of living flesh. It was a hand now, and from its veins flowed drops of blood. Looking up she beheld a form like unto the Son of God, with a face which betokened a knowledge of grief and acquaintance with sorrows. Almost paralyzed with remorse the sleeper cried, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord! I am not worthy to put into my Savior's hand."

With pained and pleading look these words were spoken: "I gave My life for thee; Wilt thou give life to Me?"

Quickly the half dollar was thrown away by the trembling listener, and a coin of gold was laid instead upon the bleeding palm. As the shining bit touched the wound the flow of blood was lessened. In the attitude of divine benediction the Lord Christ thus spoke: "Disciple, thou hast wrought a good work upon Me. The tears of My people must be wiped away; the nations must be purged from sin; the gospel of good tidings must sound in every ear before this bleeding wound can be wholly healed. Blessed be they who hasten on the day!"

Deep organ tones awakened the sleeper when the collection was about to be taken. Clutching at her husband's arm Mrs. Whitcomb whispered eagerly, "John, you won't put in that fifty cents, will you? Why, dear, it's the hand of the Lord! In bewilderment the judge looked at his agonized wife, who pleaded again: "I mean the contribution box, John; it is the hand of Christ, our Lord! Could you lay a few cents upon it?"

"No, wife," was the joyful reply. "I will give fifteen dollars—very well, and I'll give as much more."

Was it his wife who thus spoke, the very same who had outwitted him in the morning? Yes, the very same woman renewed. She had seen the Lord and heard His words; she had learned the deep meaning of the Savior's "inasmuch." Never again would good judgment keep her from ministering to her crucified Redeemer, through the poor, the sorrowing, and the benighted. The contribution box had been transformed; but still more wonderful and blessed was the transformation which had taken place in the heart of the woman.

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